

## *Way to Amazonia I*

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( Warning. A mild sex scene included.)

Late November, 1994

Somewhere in Amazonia

It's now days since we started our 6 months long trek, and my feet are already aching. I should've known better than to wear my new black leather shoes - they look nice, but aren't really for walking.

The rest of this group doesn't look much more cheerful. Marlies' parrot is having an orgy with several native parrots, and in fact, we haven't seen it for two days now, so that we are deprived of the witty things the bird has kept our spirits up with.

Everyone looks like they were longing to be at home, stretching their tired fingers on familiar keyboards. As for me, I wish I would have had the dinner ready more often when my partner came home from work, instead of being caught sending my 200th message to Euro-Sappho at a moment when she was particularly tired. At least she did not protest when the Euro Dyke Police came to fetch me to be shipped to Amazonia with the nine other culprits.

Some more endless kilometres to walk before the next campsite... and nothing to do but to try to convert them into miles without a conversion table.

\*\*\* The same evening

We were nearing our campsite, when we met this other group of ten tired women, heading towards the same site from another direction. They had loads of more heavy with them, and all of them were clad in jeans despite the hot weather. They seemed reluctant to tell us who they were, but after we had introduced ourselves first, they relaxed a bit, and confessed that they were... the ten most talkative women from the Dildo-Dykes list. They had been sent packing to Amazonia for six months by the other subscribers.

The reason for their heavy loads and clothing became evident at once. All of them were packing, and they had dildos of every size, shape and colour, with rechargeable batteries and charging equipment in their very, very heavy luggage.

All those Dildo-Dykes were quite as talkative as we, so we had a few tall stories to tell to each other. Before falling asleep, we decided to have a feast the next day, giving our tired feet a whole day's rest. Exhausted, we fell asleep, and had uneasy, rather erotic dreams.

\*\*\* Next day

I woke very early, and went to have a morning swim. Struggling towards the direction of water, I saw two women evidently fulfilling a forest fantasy. They had sought themselves into a secluded spot, where the other one was lying stark naked, with hardened nipples, and with a very, very ripe, swollen cunt that was waiting for something explicit to happen. The other one had opened her jeans to let a beautiful, lavender dildo free. Together, they looked like an exotic flower of flesh that had opened its bud in the midst of a green jungle.

The lavender dildo was swaying, dancing, teasing its head towards the eager opening offering itself for it to hide into... and soon, it was there, all the way inside, with two bare bottoms working very hard to keep it there. Soon, I could hear moans rippling with growing ecstasy, louder by the minute... with a slight shock, I noticed that I was not the only one watching, but almost everyone else was standing behind the trees, watching and waiting for the imminent outcome.

\*\*\* Six months later

Someone told us that the Euro Dyke Police has sent a rescue party to try to find us and bring us back home to continue our good work at our terminals. We are trying to decide whether to keep in hiding from them, or whether to lure them into the depths of Amazonia and keep them with us forever...

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